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No. 85.

WAITING FOR THEE.

BY TOM GOULD.

Bright are the stars to-night
Over my head;
Oh, how I love their light,
For thou art dead!
Brighter they seem to glow,
Since thou hast gone;
Is it because now
They must be gone?

Sad are the thoughts to me!
Oh, may we never
Find our true hearts to be
Parted forever.
No; there's a whisper, seems
Speaking to me,
Down through the starry beams
Waiting for thee!"

Down by a little brook,
Where the soft breeze
Sighs through our shady nook,
Under the trees.
Often at eve I've strayed,
Thinking of thee,
And the plans we made—
Never to be!

Never on earth to be;
Yet there's a light
Shines like a hope to me
Out of the night.
Bright hope, that seems to say—
Speaking to me,
"With us thy love doth stay;
Waiting for thee!"

Adria, the Adopted:
or,
The Mystery of Ellesford Grange.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "BRANDED," "SEA HARVEST," "NYMPH'S BRAVERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE shadow of a great crime brooded low over Ellesford Grange. People came and went in little knots, with scared faces and shuddering horror, and talked in awe-stricken whispers of the terrible deed done in darkness, which had left a shocking spectacle to be revealed by day.

Hugh Ellesford had been found murdered.

There were all the signs of a violent struggle, to give evidence that he had not died tamely. A curtain torn to shreds, furniture overturned—even the carpet ripped from its fastenings in a place or two; pools of blood lying stagnant on the floor, and sanguine marks smearing the wall.

The corpse was terribly mutilated. Bruised from head to foot, clawed and bitten, as if by a wild animal, but with five livid marks upon the throat, made unmissably, by human fingers.

A tiny lace handkerchief, rumpled and crushed, with an elaborately embroidered monogram, lay upon a sofa in the room.

A coroner's inquest decided upon the apparent facts. The place was carefully guarded, that no single article might be touched until shrewd detectives were sent for and had arrived. These took minute notes, looked stolid, and said nothing. Only one thing other than the shocking result was made known to the excited populace. The party making the attack must have suffered severely.

The marks upon the walls were of some one groping his way through darkness; dull red stains marked the length of the passage-way, and on the steps the profusion of blood seemed to show that the assassin, probably overcome by faintness, had paused there for time.

Beyond this, no single trace was visible. The gravelled walk, indeed, precluded the possibility of footprints, and for all evidence existing further, the earth might have opened before the portal, inclosing the guilty mortal stepping therewith.

The housekeeper, sleeping in an adjoining wing, had heard nothing; but this was not remarkable, considering the dead, thick walls which intervened. This woman, the only living soul attached to the place, was of advanced age, and a foreigner.

The tragedy seemed to have benumbed her faculties, but she managed to give a tolerably succinct account of preceding circumstances, which threw no ray of light upon the mystery. Her dazed manner, and the haunting terror that made her start and shiver at the most trivial sound, attracted the observation of a few. There were some insidious whispers tending to incriminate her, but the manifest impossibility of such a fact soon stilled them.

There was a silent ebbing and flowing of the common tide of humanity which could not have crossed the threshold of the Grange at any other time—country people, whose curiosity led them there, while their superstitious imaginings peopled the dark old rooms with ghostly witnesses of that sanguinary scene.

There was the funeral conducted with the gloomy state becoming the position of the murdered man, and the excitement attending the event gradually wore away as time elapsed, and no further facts developed.

Hugh Ellesford had lived a very secluded life. Though not tending toward misanthropy, he had kept himself resolutely from the surrounding world. He had been a rather wild youth, running into numerous excesses, but these received an early check.

Rumor said that a fair young girl, to whom he had been betrothed, had lifted him for a steadier rival, changing thus the gay lad to a grave disappointed man. As evidence, the gossips pointed to his precipitate departure for distant lands, from whence he returned, after a three years' sojourn, reserved, lonely, and with somewhat eccentric.



With every nerve steeled to action, the young stranger sprung at the head of the maddened brute, dragging him down with all his weight.

The Grange was a great, gloomy building, ancient in style, with massive granite walls. Its founder was an English gentleman of small title, and estate so incumbered that no single generation could hope to relieve it; he had, therefore, prudently resigned all to his next of kin, and sailed for the New World, there to build up an independent inheritance. But he had brought with him many old English customs and prejudices. In accordance with these, he had bequeathed his entire estate to his eldest son, who, in turn, disposed of it in the same manner, this third heir being the late Hugh Ellesford.

Death had come to him so unexpectedly, and so suddenly, that, had he so desired, he was given no opportunity to signify his disposition of the property. In the absence of a will, it naturally reverted to his only near relative—a younger brother.

This brother, Joseph Ellesford, beginning life with a small annual moiety, had found it necessary to strike for his niche in the world, since Fate, in denying him precedence of birth, had not already carved it for him.

He began at the lower round of the ladder, as junior clerk in a small mercantile establishment, and, though possessing no great taste for the work, devoted himself steadily to it, and rose, at a snail's pace, until he occupied a responsible position among the firm's employees. A lucky accident, which revealed to him a plot between some of the light-fingered gentry to relieve the store of certain valuable goods, and their generous intentions being frustrated by his prompt interference, called forth the gratitude of his employers, and was the means of admitting him on a social footing into their family circles.

By this time he had passed his third decade, and had come to be regarded as an incorrigible bachelor. Now, however, a new epoch opened in his life. Mr. Stratton, the senior partner, had one child, a daughter, who had been, for three years a widow. Young and fair, her charms soon

found the "open sesame" to Mr. Ellesford's heart. Her little girl, then five years of age, shared his affections equally with the mother; and a few months more saw him fairly enlisted in the great army of Bemedics. He passed a few years of happy married life, and then his wife's decease left him to center all the love of his heart upon the little Adria.

With his marriage, he was received into the firm of Stratton & Co., himself, with two small capitalists, constituting the Co. Where so many shared the profits of a limited business, it is not to be supposed that Joseph Ellesford made very rapid strides to wealth. Still, the establishment prospered, and, ten years later, being the time this story opens, he enjoyed a comfortable income.

Possessing none of his ancestors' prejudices, he always had felt the will which

richly endowed the elder son and left himself comparatively destitute to have been unjust. The result was a slight conflict between the two brothers, and, during the twenty years of their separated life, only a nominal intercourse had been sustained. Now, that the estate had unexpectedly reverted to him, Joseph Ellesford was inclined to regard the circumstance as a Providential dispensation, thus compensating him for the forced loss of a natural right.

After an interval, during which the excitement incident to the murder had in some wise subsided, he removed to Ellesford Grange. One of the new possessor's whims was to personally direct some alterations which he wished made upon the mansion. To this end, as soon as he was actually settled, he procured workmen, and rapidly prosecuted the task of modernizing the building.

This had been expected of him by the country people. The Grange had been a gloomy place at best, and after the horrible tragedy enacted there, the dark rooms must have presented a truly uninviting aspect. But the work brought to light a fact rendering the preceding mystery even more inexplicable.

A wide, pleasant room, artfully contrived in an angle connecting the main building with one wing, and not noticeable to merely superficial inspection, was thus discovered.

It was lighted only by a sky-light set in the arched ceiling. The walls were hung with heavy embossed paper, the floor covered with rich Turkey carpet. The apartment, evidently, was furnished with reference to an Oriental taste, and the gorgeous hues embraced in its appointments were blended in perfect harmony. A luxurious divan and ottomans of velvet supplied the want of chairs; a few hanging shelves contained a small but choice library. A dainty bul-bul stand upheld a complete array of toilet accessories. A guitar, handsomely finished, rested uncased in a corner. A side-table of stained solid wood, with pendent sides, carved in a variety of grotesque figures, was littered with the contents of a lady's work-box. An embrasure, separated from the room by silken curtains, contained a couch and a cedar wardrobe, the partially unclosed doors of the latter disclosing a few rich, bright robes. Every minute detail displayed the trace of a female occupant.

The detectives previously employed were recalled, and put in possession of this discovery. An additional sum was named with the already large reward for the apprehension of the unknown assassin, and the machinery of the secret force revolved with accelerated motion beneath the new impetus.

The old housekeeper, who had removed to a hut in the vicinity, was subjected to another minute examination, but the bewilderment she had displayed in the first in-

sance seemed to have resulted in simple idiocy. Bribes, persuasions and threats failed to elicit information from her, and at last her questioners were satisfied that she either could not or would not give any clue to the mystery.

"You see—she is hopelessly foolish," said Mr. Ellesford, at the conclusion of one of these fruitless visits to her cabin.

The officer accompanying him thought he detected the momentary gleam of cunning intelligence in the old woman's eyes, but subsequent tests failed to elucidate any thing further, if, indeed, even so much was not a delusion.

By and by, the search lost interest, but was still prosecuted in a desultory sort of way. And so five years wore away, without more noticeable incident than the endless variety of current events to mark the passing time.

CHAPTER II.

ADRIA ELLESFORD (her father's name had been Westland but she was known now only by her step-father's name) was rapidly nearing her twentieth year. Life seemed very pleasant to her, for as yet she knew nothing of the vicissitudes of fortune which made strong men quail, and weaker women fade and droop before them.

Joseph Ellesford's union had been blessed with no issue, and from the first Adria was dear to him as though truly his own child. Indulged, but not spoiled, naturally imperious, though thoughtful of the welfare of others, she was accustomed to having her wishes consulted in matters both of trivial import and greater consideration.

The bright morning of a long summer day tempted her out early. The Ellesford grounds lay on a gentle slope, the Grange was hemmed in by clumps of dark old trees, the remains of the forest occupying the domain when the founder of the house pitched upon this as his abiding place.

It was a beautiful stretch of country in sunny Maryland, and far away the blue Chesapeake glittered, as the breeze ruffling the waves reflected the sun-rays into atoms of sparkling light.

Adria had been enticed beyond the limit she usually prescribed for her walks, but turned at last homeward again. Her eyes were beaming and cheeks flushed with the exercise. She was singing softly to herself, and thinking, as young ladies are apt to do, of nothing. Her scarf, a filmy white thing, was draped loosely about her shoulders, and a puff of air snatching it unexpectedly carried it high above her reach, where its fringed ends caught in the branches of a tree by the roadside.

It was an inauspicious moment for Aeolus to consummate this playful act.

A horseman galloped at a furious pace up the sandy road. The great black steed reared and plunged wildly as the snowy fa-

brane fluttered on the breeze before him. Of course Adria screamed. It is not in woman's nature to be calm in the face of sudden danger.

A firm hand held the rein, and the heavily-loaded, silver-mounted whip cut relentlessly upon the animal's flank. Twice the rider forced his horse toward the object of his flight unsuccessfully, but the third time the stinging lash and spurs driven cruelly in his flesh brought him trembling beneath the

tree. The gentleman coolly disengaged the scarf from the branches, and dismounting returned it with courteous address. The conflict between man and beast recalled Adria's nerve. Her emotions were divided between admiration for the indomitable will which had conquered, and sympathy for the intelligent brute cowed into perfect submission.

"Poor fellow! I am sorry that I should have indirectly caused his fright, and brought upon him such a chastisement," she said.

"The Sultan will like me all the better for it," his master replied, patting him. "He is a little inclined to be vicious sometimes and needs discipline. For my part I can regret no circumstance brought about through the medium of such a charming creature," he added, gallantly.

Adria did not quite like the neatly-turned compliment.

"Colonel Templeton is pleased to rank flattery among his accomplishments," she said.

He looked slightly surprised.

"You know me, then. May I inquire?"

"I am Miss Ellesford," Adria hastened to explain, fearing the repetition of an eulogistic speech.

"Then we are quite near neighbors. I have taken re-possession at The Firs, as you may know."

Adria knew, and said something appropriate. Colonel Templeton, throwing the rein over his arm, proceeded to walk by her side. He was a skillful conversationalist and just now anxious to please. He seldom failed in accomplishing any object, and Adria was not long in recognizing and appreciating his ability.

He was a spare, tall man, with features that in repose were as immovable as though cast in a mold of steel, but, played upon by varying expressions as he talked, became pleasing, even winning. His lips were thin, eyes cold gray, over-arched by accurately penciled brows, and dark hair cut close, just touched by silver sparkles. Forty, he must be, Adria thought, after carefully studying his appearance. In reality he was past fifty, but the iron will which had made him old at twenty successfully resisted the encroachments of Time at a half-century.

When they reached the gate leading into the Ellesford grounds, a friendly footing was established between them.

"I would ask you in to luncheon," she

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said, laughingly, as she paused an instant, "but perhaps you do not emulate the regular hours we keep at the Grange."

"Half-past eleven," he commented, consulting his watch, "and I have not yet breakfasted. Mrs. Templeton will be waiting. You must call upon my wife, Miss Ellsworth."

"I shall be most pleased," Adria answered.

Colonel Templeton mounting rode slowly up the yellow way, with brows bent meditatively and vision which might have been sightless as the stone eye-balls of Destiny, for all he absorbed of surrounding objects.

"By Jove, sir! you are over-choice of your footing I think!" a familiar voice broke his reverie.

The Sultan left to himself, had quit the high road, and was stepping daintily over the gravelled footpath. The colonel wheeled him into the thoroughfare again, and turned his face toward the speaker. A young man whose easy manner tainted almost of insolence, and dressed in the light of the prevailing style. The strong resemblance existing bespoke their relative position as father and son.

"Where are you going, Reginald?"
"Where, indeed, but to the races?"
"Very well! Don't bot too heavily."

"Trust me for that, sir!" They parted, pursuing opposite directions. Colonel Templeton left his horse at the stables, and went into the breakfast-room where his wife awaited him.

A small, slight woman with pale hair, and a face from which some horror seemed to have blanched every vestige of color, leaving instead a haunting shade that sought in vain a hiding-place, but trembled always in her eyes and betrayed itself in a painfully nervous manner.

She greeted her husband with a pitiful attempt at a smile, and shuddered slightly as he just touched her forehead with his lips. He observed the involuntary action, and his mouth settled stern and hard; but he controlled his voice to cool courtesy:

"Have you breakfasted yet, Irene?"
"Yes, with Reginald. I was not assured you would come."

"Ah, well, it is of no consequence. Pray remain. I wish to consult with you on a matter of importance." The last spoken sneeringly, but Mrs. Templeton was accustomed to her husband's depreciation of woman's abilities and passed it silently.

She rang for the service, and while her husband discussed his meal in moody silence, leaned back in her chair listlessly awaiting his pleasure.

"I have seen Ellsworth's daughter," he said, abruptly, putting down his cup.

His wife started perceptibly.

"She will call upon you in a day or two, and I desire that you cultivate an intimacy with the family."

"With the Ellsworths?" she said, huskily.
"With the Ellsworths! More than that, I wish you to manage that Reginald shall meet the young lady. The disobedient young dog would avoid such encounter if he imagined it was desired of him. Let him see the girl once, and he will be ready enough to seek her afterward."

Mrs. Templeton gazed at her husband imploringly. She knew him too well to attempt to hasten his disclosure, but this morning he was graciously communicative. Perhaps he knew that his words were inflicting heart-stabs.

"I will be candid with you. I am anxious that Reginald shall settle in life. He is a little wild, and nothing will settle him so soon as taking a wife. Miss Ellsworth will please me well as my daughter-in-law."

Mrs. Templeton uttered a stifled groan, and all the latent horror leaped intensified into her eyes. She crossed the room with uneven steps and laid her trembling hand on her husband's shoulder.

"For Heaven's sake, Alan, tell me that you do not mean it! You can not contemplate such a sin—you will never permit our boy to marry an Ellsworth!"

"Why not?" he asked coldly. "Ellsworth Grange is a desirable property!"

His wife sunk into a chair, clasping her hands in bitter, hopeless agony. Her silent pain touched him, and he added more kindly:

"After all the girl is not really an Ellsworth—no drop of the blood in her veins. Only a step-daughter, I have heard, but she will inherit the property. Remember, I shall expect your co-operation."

He turned away dismissing the subject. Mrs. Templeton, with her white face almost ghastly, put out her hands in the manner of a blind person, groping her way silently from the room.

Later in the day her French maid announced that madame was suffering from a nervous relapse, and had not monsieur better procure a physician?

Monsieur thought it unnecessary, but with his own hands mixed a composing draught with the soothing qualities of which he was well acquainted.

CHAPTER III.

The sun rode proudly over the hills, closing in one of the many manufacturing towns situated in an Eastern State. The houses were ranged in methodical rows, displaying the systematic and uncompromising sort of order indulged in by our New England fathers.

A town where the wooden streets formed no angles but right angles, where the buildings conveyed an endless repetition of white framework and green blinds, with here and there a huge gray factory rising two stories above the common dwellings.

The very river running its course on the east side of the place detracted nothing from its regularity, and drowns its murmur in an unvarying monotone as it rolled placidly within its narrow banks. In a place or two some enterprising spirits had endeavored to mitigate the too great conformity by dropping a neutral-tinted cottage in a nook of its own apart from the regular street, but these were so stared at by the glaring white and green of the surrounding walls that they quite lost countenance beneath the general disapprobation.

And this was Crofton. In the center of the town, rearing itself yet a story higher than any of its conpeers and employing a full score more of workers, stood the factory of the Russell Brothers.

The long, narrow windows were let down from the top, and the half-screens adjusted to prevent careless eyes wandering from the duty before them. From top to bottom the whirr, and buzz, and steady clank of machinery announced that every worker was in place, and every joint of the mechanical anatomy performing its office.

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"You are going to leave Crofton, they say."

He assented, adding, "The pleasantest remembrance I shall carry with me will be the moments passed here. You have taught me how I might have felt toward my mother whom I never knew."

Her eyes for a moment held the startled look they had held in his remembrance once.

"She spoke presently."

"I too, am going away from Crofton. I have at least one faithful friend in this wide world, and I shall go to her."

She held toward him a letter, soiled and

A slight bustle at the entrance way which would not have been heard by unpracticed ears, and word was passed from mouth to mouth that the proprietors were coming to inspect the works.

Two elderly men, very fac-similes of each other from their lank bodies and straggling limbs, to their long, sharp features, and twinkling, deep-set eyes drawn down at the corners with the expression accepted as denominating genuine Yankee humor, but with them set irretrievably into the accompanying attribute, shrewdness. Swiftly and steadily plied at the looms, taking in every detail, and listening silently to the remarks of the foreman as he noted different points in passing.

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An instant, which seemed an eternity, a wild confusion with people rushing hither and thither, crying for help, themselves incapable of action, and then the works stood still. The unfortunate woman was upheld in kindly arms, and pitying, horror-struck faces crowded around. These were imperatively ordered back and a messenger dispatched for the nearest physician.

The woman was severely injured and the workers said among themselves that it was only short of a miracle she had escaped with her life. It proved that her left arm was utterly crushed; there were bruises too upon her body, but these were not serious.

"Who is she?" one of the proprietors asked.

A tidy, comely-looking girl stepped forward.

"If you please, she's a new hand and comes from the Brankley mills. They say she's a little touched here," indicating her forehead, "but a quiet sort of body and steady. She has a room in Hay's house."

Orders were given for her removal thither, and twenty minutes later the machinery was again in motion and business proceeded quietly as though no accident had ever invaded the place.

But one person had been deeply affected by the occurrence. The young foreman had caught the woman's strange gaze fixed upon him in the same moment she was whirled upward by the wheel, and it was his prompt action that had delivered her alive. Her glisty face as he saw it for an instant was imprinted on his memory, and haunted him throughout that day. When the factory closed for the night he went directly to Hay's house to inquire more minutely into her state.

Hay's wife, a good intentioned person, but scarcely calculated for a skillful nurse, conducted him to the patient's room.

She was suffering acute pain and was slightly delirious. Looking upon her, he observed that her features, though flushed and distorted, were delicate, and the uninjured hand lying upon the counterpane was slender and well-shaped though rough with common toil. Evidently her sphere had sometime been high above the life of drudgery she had so lately led. But she could never do so again. The doctor had announced that could she escape the amputation of the wounded member it would probably remain paralyzed. He sighed as he turned away, thinking that death might have been the preferable alternative.

He gave a coin of some value to the woman attending her and enjoined utmost care in her treatment. After this he visited her daily, seeing that she wanted for nothing. It was weeks before she was thoroughly convalescent, and meantime events were transpiring which threatened to remove her only friend and benefactor.

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widened into a room of considerable extent. This, however, was merely the ante-chamber to another and still larger apartment beyond.

This second room was evidently the abiding-place of the huntress.

Scattered about were various articles of comfort, even luxury for these parts: a cot in one corner, upon which were spread a number of bear and buffalo skins; a rude stand upon which were lying a large book, a pair of scissors, and one or two other feminine implements, and a light rifle standing against the wall, completed the furniture.

Off to the right, in a niche of considerable extent, in fact almost another room, stood the White Steed, ready saddled and bridled, while at his feet lay the brown bear, apparently in a profound slumber.

Muttering to herself the strange woman busied herself about the place, gathering together several articles, among which was a piece of dried venison. This she placed in a kind of baversack which she hung over her shoulders.

She was evidently preparing for a journey, and was on the point of leading the white horse out, when suddenly she changed her resolution, left the animal in his stall, and walking to the bed threw herself upon it, and was soon buried in sleep.

When she awoke the light that came through a large opening beneath a shelving rock above, had given place to the gloom of twilight, which in turn was fast passing into the deeper darkness of night itself.

With an exclamation of surprise, or impatience at having overslept herself, the huntress sprang from the couch, and hastily catching up her rifle, took the bridle of the white steed in hand and led him through the chasm into the open air. The brown bear closely followed; and, as she paused upon the platform without, he thrust his cold muzzle into her hand and uttered a low whine.

"Yes, Brownie. We are off for the lowlands again," she said, while gently stroking his huge head.

"It is very strange that the wounded hunter should have left so abruptly," she murmured, as she stood gazing off to the northward where the Indian village lay, her arm thrown over the white steed's neck in a caressing attitude. "How strange the resemblance in that still, pale face to one that I so loved in other years, and have mourned so long! I know it can not be he," she continued, wearily passing her hand across her brow, "but I felt my heart go out to this stranger, with an impulse I could not restrain. Is it possible that the Blackfeet could have discovered this place and carried him off while I was absent? Hardly; and yet, what can have become of him, for surely he was not able to go away of his own accord. But, I must away. He can not be far hence, and if his foot has touched these rocks, Brownie will soon find the trail."

She now spoke to the bear, and taking him to the spot where the murdered man had laid, she made him scent the rocks round about for several minutes.

The intelligent brute appeared to comprehend her wishes, and after nosing about for a while, he suddenly moved slowly off on the trail that we have seen the Avenger descend.

"The bear has it!" exclaimed the huntress, as she rapidly mounted and rode after the brute, which was still progressing, muzzled to the earth.

Their progress was necessarily slow, not while traveling the downward path, but after striking the lower level, the trail was broken in several places by small streams of water that crossed it at right angles. In more than one of these the hunter seemed to have waded short distances, up or down their beds, and at each, the bear was forced to search the further bank until the scene was recovered.

While thus engaged the moon rose, and shed her soft rays over the broad bosom of the prairie.

The bear steadily pressed forward on the trail, losing it again and again, and as often recovering it with remarkable sagacity. In this way more than an hour was consumed after the moon rose, and the Wild Huntress found that she was approaching a belt of timber, which the reader will recognize as that which lay in front of the bear-tamer's camp. Upon the outer verge of the strip of forest, the dumb guide halted, raised himself upon his hind legs, and uttered a low growl.

Here we will leave them for a moment, and return to Old Grizzly and the Red Avenger from whom we parted as they were making their way from the interview with the Indian boy.

Without difficulty or danger of discovery, the two crossed the open country, and at length halted beneath the shadow of a dense grove not far from Old Grizzly's home.

Here a long and earnest council of war was held.

The news that Alfred Badger was to suffer death at the expiration of three days unless a substitute could be found in whose tortures the rage of the Blackfeet would be satisfied, moved the rugged nature of the old bear-tamer to the very bottom.

He entertained not the slightest idea of permitting the young man to die, not if he himself had to become the substitute, but he did not intend to resort to so desperate a measure until every other possible plan of release had been exhausted. In this determination he was heartily seconded by his companion, who, feeling that he was in some degree the cause of the young man's perilous situation, and further, having learned to admire the character of the bluff old bear-tamer, determined that he too would fight to the death for Alfred's release.

It was of this they talked, laying plans by which to be guided on the morrow when their measures were to be put into active operation.

"Whar' now?" asked the bear-tamer, as his friend turned to depart. "That's plenty uv room in my ranch for two on us, an' what's more, that's a grist uv cow buffer that can't be beat nohow."

"You see, I am without a rifle. I have one, and a good one, secreted not a great way off, and I must go to fetch it. I have also at the same cueche a complete Blackfoot costume—"

Daring bravery, skill in the hunt and battle, and administrative ability are virtues which always command the respect of barbarians, and so it was that he held his power stronger than ever when the heat and snow of half a century had failed to bow his frame and subdue his lion spirit.

It was an unusual concession for him when he gave the Young Eagle three days' grace. His policy would have dictated the slaying of the captive, and the beheading of every energy to capture and execute of the Avenger also; but his respect and

"Durn my ole moccasins ef he ain't a trump, enyhow, an' he'll help me a power in—hullo! what ther blazes ar' this hyar comin' now? Another one uv them'er mysterious mysteries. Swamp me fur a digger Injin if it ain't that 'ar gal ar' snaked them feller outen the fire! She ar' a quare 'un an' no mistake, an' though I hain't no curiosity, not the least bit in the world, yet, dang me, but I would like to know what she ar' cov'rin' about their kentry this time o' night fur. Faggots ar' flints hyar she comes straight, plum center fur what I ar' standin'. An' that's that 'ar b'ar a leadin' uv her! He ar' a beauty, and I'd like ter add him to my collectshun, es the feller sez, but I reckin' she wouldn't—your don't say so!" he abruptly exclaimed, as the bear sighted him and raised on his hind feet after the manner of bears. "You be dod durned; a-puttin' on sech aars es that. I've got a notion to—no—I haint fur hyar's the gal," and the old fellow, with instinctive gallantry, shook himself up in his buck-skins, and smoothed down as best he might the tangled masses of his long hair.

"Call off the b'ar, ga—miss, I means," said Old Grizzly, as the Wild Huntress rode up close to where he stood. "I haint afraid on 'em much, but you see the b'ar mont git hurt."

"Down, Brownie!" was the quick command, and the obedient animal was as docile as a lamb.

"He ar' a good 'un, ga—miss, I means, but Lordy! you oughter see Samson in that," and he pointed over his shoulder toward the camp.

"Does a cloud rest on the light of my heart?" inquired the chief, in dismay.

"The sun shines no more for Silver Tongue; all is night to her."

The conversation of father and daughter was of this figurative character, and we shall therefore take the liberty of making a very liberal translation for our readers.

Enfolding the now weeping maiden in his muscular arms, Big Hand pressed her to him, and fondly kissing her forehead, asked the cause of all this grief.

"An adopted Blackfoot has been placed in the Strong Lodge and his life is in danger."

The chief started; how had Silver Tongue learned of this? And why was she so anxious regarding him?

"He is placed there but for a short time," he replied, still hoping that she had not learned all.

"And then he is to be led forth to suffer death in place of one who is guilty."

"Who told you all this?" asked the amazed chief, who could scarcely understand how the tidings had reached her so soon. He did not know that the almost breathless Leaping Elk had lain in wait for his father, and then dashed with all speed to Silver Tongue, having left but a few minutes before.

Big Hand saw that his daughter had learned the truth, and, in her present anxiously nervous state, the utmost that he could hope to do was to quiet her fears; so he spoke in a cheery voice:

"That is until we can capture Warrama, and then we shall set him free again."

"Suppose you do not secure Warrama? then—"

"Oh! but we are going to catch the enemy of our race, and put him to the torture."

"But you had him once and he escaped; he may know enough to keep out of your power."

"He can not; for the Blackfeet warriors will strive as they never strove before to secure him."

"This is trifling!" exclaimed the woman, sharply. "Will you tell me plainly whether or not you have seen the hunter?"

"Wal, now, I jess hev. He war hyer not more awhile sence."

"Which way went he? Tell me, that I may follow!" exclaimed the White Huntress, eagerly.

"War the b'ar a-trailin' my him?" asked Old Grizzly, pointing to the beast, and speaking deliberately.

"Yes, I see! Yur say he hain't no rifle?"

"Nothing but his knife. The Blackfeet have his rifle."

"Jess so. Now you see I hain't no curosity, but I would like to know what you want uv him?" said Old Grizzly, with apparent earnestness.

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"War the b'ar a-trailin' my him?" asked Old Grizzly, pointing to the beast, and speaking deliberately.

"Yes. He led me hither."

"Wal, now yur kin do better'n follerin' the stranger. He's gone off across the kentry to git a rifle a fixin' es he left in cache, an' yur' hev a hard tramp to ketch him. He ar' to return hyar in the mornin', an' eyr likes yur kin jess wait fur him?"

"Where shall I rest for the night?" she asked, glancing around.

"Ef yur ain't skeert uv b'ars, I hev inside a kind uv ranche as 'll suit fast rate. I'm a goin' to stand watch out hyar, emy how till mornin', fur I thinks the Blackfeet ar' out skrimidg arter him as they calls the Red Indians. Yur kin hev the place all to yurself."

"You are very kind," replied the Huntress. "I am weary, and will accept your offer. You say he will return in the morning?"

"Sartin, ga—miss, I means," said Old Grizzly. "We hev been on the scout to look arter a boyce uv mine, as the Blackfeet tonge gripped, an' to-morrer we ar' to try it ag'in."

"Is he a captive in the Indian village?" asked the huntress, eagerly.

"He ar' nothin' else, an' I'm durned sorry to hev to say it."

"How learned you this?" again questioned the woman.

"To tell Pe-toh-pe-kiss that I am sorry to have it."

"You forget that you are the daughter of a chief: I am grieved at your conduct, and I want no more to do with you, till you are yourself again."

And, although every nerve of his being yearned toward his beloved child, yet he turned and walked away, like the Roman parent, that he might teach her the lesson of justice before mercy.

Silver Tongue remained silent a minute after the departure of Big Hand, and then she roused herself, with something like the energy and stern will of her parent, from whom she had in reality learned not a little of her strong, heroic character.

"He loves me—he loves me, " but he can never forget that he is chief of the Blackfeet."

She was hardly disappointed in the reception her red father had given her, but young, and ardently loving as she was, she was not yet prepared to despair.

"I must see him," she added to herself, and she sat in deep thought; "he is in the strong lodge, but they will not refuse admission to Silver Tongue, and maybe there is some way in which he can be released."

This was the thought which fired her now, and infused such energy in her system. Until this day she knew nothing of the deep affection she now entertained for Young Eagle. She had seen and loved him from the first moment when, like a tiger at bay, he was wielding the tomahawk amid the crowd of enraged savages. It was simply a case of love at first sight.

"I love him," she added, blushing at the confession to herself, "and he has seen it. He has been but a short time here, but long enough for our eyes to meet and understand each other. I will go to him and see whether Leaping Elk and I can not rescue him."

This was a characteristic determination of the young princess, and very naturally she acted it out at once.

She always moved without restraint, and now passed from the lodge without question, only glancing around to see that Big Hand was not watching her, and walked away through the village.

The "strong lodge" was a building that had been erected by the Blackfeet warriors for the express purpose of holding prisoners and desperate characters. It was of a different character from the "death lodge," which the readers of "The Phantom Princess" may remember, held only those who had been irreversibly sentenced to death.

"The fate of Young Eagle was not to be decided for nearly three days, he was not yet removed there."

The strong lodge well deserved its name, for it was made in the most substantial

friendship for Iron Heel dictated the course adopted, and it was in reality a concession to the same qualities that so eminently distinguished himself.

The lodge of Big Hand was of great size and furnished with all the gaudy profusion so characteristic of an Indian chief, many of the ornaments having been captured from wandering hunters and emigrants, and some of them were of the most valuable character.

The only inmate of the lodge besides himself was his adopted daughter, Silver Tongue, whose wonderful beauty and many fascinations had enchanted the affections of the others, communicating with each, so that it was impossible to reach this central apartment without passing through the others.

In this focus, as it were, of the vigilance of the Indians, their prisoner was placed until his fate was decreed, while in each of the surrounding rooms was a guard night and day.

Besides this the captive was bound during the night, his limbs being fastened at the ankles and elbows, so that a knife might not have been able to help himself in the least.

During the daytime his limbs were unfastened, and he was at liberty to move about; but, from this it will be seen that he was placed under a most unremitting vigilance; and young and naturally sanguine, as was Alfred Badger, he had not a gleam of hope of escaping from the strong lodge, without the consent of his captors.

It was late at night when the chief returned to his lodge, the interior of whose largest apartment was illuminated by a blazing torch of pine. He strode into it, with something of the natural majesty of a forest king, and pausing for a moment, looked about for his daughter, Silver Tongue.

He was not kept long in waiting, but instead of bounding forth, as was her wont to meet him, with ringing laughter and loving embrace, she walked forward slowly, and with a sad, downcast face.

"Does a cloud rest on the light of my heart?" inquired the chief, in dismay.

"The sun shines no more for Silver Tongue; all is night to her."

The conversation of father and daughter was of this figurative character, and we shall therefore take the liberty of making a very liberal translation for our readers.

"Who ar' I? Wal, I dunno but what I'll take sum leetle time to satisfy your curosity on that subject. I persume you hev got yur share uv the. Weemin mostly hev. There was plainly a streak of humor in the gruff old trapper's composition. The strange woman's manner had riled him a little and brought it to the surface.

"I am searching for a hunter. He has no rifle; no weapons save his knife. His garments are rent, and lie wears no covering on his head. Tell me, hunter, have you seen him?" This change of tactics upon the part of the woman, produced a corresponding change in the manner of the bear-tamer.

"Now yur' talkin'," he said. "Yur' lookin' fur that feller, ar' yur'?"

"I am," was the reply, a little impatiently.

"He is abrupt and voice singularly stern for a woman. It evidently took the old bear-tamer aback.

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THE DEWDROP AND TEAR.

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR, JR.

Fell from Aurora's coronet
A diamond of dew,
As such her tresses, wavy wet,
She'd brush them, and a brow threw,
Alighting on a lily leaf
Where, for her lover dead,
A maiden, in her lonely grief,
A pearly tear had shed.

When had the dazzling disk rose higher,
And each had caught one beam,
The liquid jewel reflected fire,
The pearl sad, pale did seem,
Up from the dewdrop I stood proud:
How dare high me appear
Thou paltry bumble of the shroud?
Naught said the modest tear.

The dewdrop in its glitter great,
To shame the wild tear strove,
And mocked, with sparkling sheen elate,
In human sight to love.
The Zephyr came with motion down wing,
And brushed the dewdrop away,
But bore the gem from sorrow's spring
To heaven's immortal crown.

In the Wilderness.

VII.—THE BUCK AT BAY.

As the sun peeped up behind the trees to the east the party were afoot, ready for deer-hunting again. Old Ben, as usual, took the lead, and away they go through the deep forest, heavy with dew, heading for the openings which are the haunt of the deer. Old Ben is joking Viator about the spill of the night before, which the hunter takes good-naturedly, joining in the laugh against himself. The forest becomes more open now, and the grass is green, a heavenly pasture for the deer. Ben is instructing the student in whom his fatherly interest continues, in regard to the course he must pursue in this kind of hunting. After a six-mile walk, Viator is stationed on the edge of a great opening, where a tempest has been at work, felling the trees in great heaps, their branches intertwined in inextricable confusion. Between the heaps the grass grows green, and here the game is to be roused. Three hundred yards further on Scribbler takes his stand, and the guide and his young friend go on together a short distance, and reach a point of the woods which runs far out into the "deadeness," as these places are named.

"You stand ready now, my boy," said Ben. "I want you to beat them chaps, and I've given you the best place on the deadening. I don't keer so much about Viator, but you must beat that book-writin' feller, anyhow."

"I'll do my best," replied the student.

"Be stiddy, whatever you do. Remember that your mark is about three inches behind your fore-shoulder, and if you miss with one barrel, try the other."

The weapon which the student carried in this hunt was a peculiar one, now but seldom used. The stock was not more than eight inches long, and the barrels were placed one above the other, instead of side by side, and one lock was upon the side of the gun instead of below. Ben was the owner of this queer weapon, and spoke well for its efficiency. The student took his station and waited, and the guide went on alone. Half an hour passed, during which the old hunter was making the circuit of the deadening, getting into position for a drive at the deer. The young men, more or less impatiently, waited for his movements, which they knew would be well timed. He had but one dog with him, a deer-hound of his own raising, which was trained to perfection, and seemed to know by instinct which way to drive the deer.

All at once the cry of the hound rose, clear and full upon the morning air. What music to the ears of the hunter! Every man sprang to his feet, and, with his gun thrown forward and foot advanced, waited for the coming of the game. Viator, the old sportsman, heard the beat of coming hoofs, and a herd of five deer, two bucks and three does, bounded from the thicket, and rushed past his place of concealment. The gun sprung to his shoulder, as if by clockwork, a stream of fire leaped out, and the second buck leaped into the air and struck upon his head with a crash. Scribbler was next, Scribbler, who would have given a year of his life to have killed the great buck in advance. But the fates were against him. As he took a forward step, his foot became entangled in a creeping vine, and he measured his length upon the earth. Before he could regain his feet the rout swept by, the deer giving magnificent leaps, the long antlers of the buck towering above the rest, heading for the point of woods in which the student had taken his stand. He was trembling with excitement, but nervously himself by a mighty effort. The deer swerved a little from their course to round the point, and the long deer-gun covered the leader.

"Crack!"
The buck trembled through all his frame, and came down upon his knees, and in that position the student gave him the other barrel, and the monarch of the forest sunk lower still, the blood dripping from his brown side. The student, mad with the hunter's fire, sprung out knife in hand to administer the coup, forgetting the admonitions he had received from the guide, and knowing but little of the power of the deer when actually brought to bay.

At the sight of the hunter the antlered buck sprung to his feet, and rushed at him furiously, his eyes blazing with rage. To turn was death, and to face the mad brute was the only chance, and the young student sprung to one side and made a cut at the neck of his antagonist. The blade alighted upon the bony part just back of the horns and flew out of his hands, and he stood defenseless before the enraged animal.

There was only one way. Springing forward with a shout, he grasped the strong antlers with both hands, and a desperate trial of strength commenced.

The young man knew that his only hope lay in keeping his hold until aid came, and setting his teeth hard, he planted his feet firmly, and endeavored to force the buck backward. The sharp front feet of the animal struck him once or twice, cutting his flesh like a knife, and the snorts of the infuriated beast sounded through the forest. If the man should loose his hold, and go down, there was little hope for him. Once he staggered, but recovered himself by a mighty effort. Should he be able to hold out until the coming of his friends? He heard their shouts and the wild baying of the dog, but he knew that his strength was failing, while that of the deer seemed to increase with each effort.

Besprattered by the blood of the animal, with clothing torn into shreds, his teeth set, and widely dilated eyes, the young man

strode for life. He could hear the patter of the dog's feet, and the deer heard them too, and made a last mighty rush, and the student went down, still clinging to the antlers, and forcing the head of his antagonist so closely to him that he could make no use of the spikes. But those terrible hoofs were busy, and the student was about to give up in despair, when, with a deep-mouthed bay, the dog sprung into view and launched himself at the throat of the buck. The struggling hunter released his hold and fell back, and the buck turned upon his new antagonist. In an instant the dog was flying through the air, hurled to a distance of ten feet by those terrible antlers. He was up again in a moment but moved slowly, evidently in pain, but with the tenacity of his race sprung again at the throat of the buck. It would have fared badly with the gallant hound, but at this moment old Ben arrived upon the scene, gun in hand. Woe to the deer when his unfailing eyes looked through the double sights. The gun cracked, and the buck fell in a quivering heap, upon the spot where he was struck.

Ben, in his rough way, was a doctor for the woods, and he knew the virtues of the various herbs which abound there. The careless hunter was conveyed to an outlying hut, and in two or three days was able to take the field again, and do his work nobly to the end of the hunt. But he had learned a lesson, never to face a wounded buck, armed only with a knife.

Three weeks after they left the hunting-ground and struck out for the clearings, laden with many trophies, and proud of their deeds. And every year when the hunting season comes, they are out in the woods with old Ben at their head.

Celia's Misfortune.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A GREATER contrast can not well be imagined than that which existed between the two women who occupied the shady whodways of the Leffington farm-house that breathless June afternoon.

At the window nearest the angle of the large, semi-darkened parlor, Miss Celia Leffington, heiress of the estate, was sitting, vainly trying to coax a No. 10 needle through a fine, thick piece of unshrunk cambric, while the perspiration stood in huge drops across her swarthy forehead and upper lip.

She was not a positively hideous woman, by any means; in fact, at times, and in certain dresses, Celia Leffington looked well, despite her muddy skin and small, diagonally set gray eyes.

But, this afternoon, the heat was bringing out all that was coarse and ugly about her; even her only available dress—the others yet in the ironing-basket—conspired against her, in that it was a thick white cotton, with bright blue forget-me-nots sprinkled about—a pretty dress, that would have been becoming, even on an August day, to the graceful little fairy at the remaining window. She was a wee, slight little thing, with a mass of loose, short, goldy hair; eyes of roguish, mischievous brown, and a complexion that, the more intense the heat, the more perfect grew the rose-pink tinge and camel-like waxiness.

She wore a white swiss dress, that was as thin and sheer as material well could be; a light, real lace ruffle around her throat; the sleeves open to the elbow, displaying the short, round arms; the skirt a perfect marvel of ruffles and puffs, and a wide orange satin sash. There she sat, daintily reading the latest "SATURDAY JOURNAL," that had come from town that morning, with not a drop of moisture on her fair face, looking as comfortable as if the thermometer were not 95 in the shade on the north side of the house, and her cousin Celia roasting by the fire.

"I understand you, too, indulge in the loneliness of single life, Mr. —?" I hear you are a bachelor."

He drew his brows into a curious frown, but his eyes seemed threatening to explode with laughter.

"Miss Leffington, I am a bachelor, and as such will you permit me to extend the hospitalities of my mansion to you? Accept my arm."

Her heart was bouncing! It was a clear case of love at first sight; then she grew confidential.

"Perhaps you could tell me if you ever knew a man in literary circles by the name of Rodney Exeter? He married a cousin of mine—a childlike little thing; he was an old flame of mine, you know—quite desperately smitten, if I do say so. But he was very boyish, but quite talented."

"Y—e—s," answered he, musing. "I think I remember him. Walk in, Miss Leffington; I will call my—"

Celia knew he was going to say "housekeeper"—and how stylish it would sound from her lips!—when a shadow fell across the floor, and before she could look up, a merry-making voice greeted her horrified senses.

"Where on earth did you pick cousin Celia up, Rodney? Why, Celia, how dye do?"

Celia looked up, at her cousin's curious words, and she found the pretty face was grave now, with a faint blush on it.

"What do you mean, Una Howard?"

Not—not—it's not that rattle-pated young author that has been at the tavern this month back, fishing and sailing all around?"

"If you mean Mr. Exeter, the author, you're correct."

Una was as "cool as a cucumber," and no mistake; and Celia Leffington felt her heart grow cold as a lump of ice. She had fallen in love herself with this elegant young city fellow, long before she had known that he was near her—she had read those shilling poems and delightful stories of his, until the one romance of her poor, starved life had betrayed itself to her—she found this Rodney Exeter her ideal; she had enshrinéd, then adored him, all in such a heavenly dreamland that she had come to believe it was all true.

She had never dreamed the "young literary gentleman" Una talked about so much, who was "putting up" at De Grave's tavern, was her "Rodney Exeter"; she never knew it until Una Howard had mentioned his name so nonchalantly, so proudly.

What that was to her! At first, she felt her head whirling in a giddy maze; then she grew faint—then an awful awakening from her long, sweet dreams sent the tears in torrents from her eyes; and, as by intuition, Una saw it all at a glance. It burst upon her with a force that was overpowering: this tall, raw-boned woman in love with her Mr. Exeter!

She laughed aloud at the idea; and Celia, as she walked almost blindly out of the room, heard its musical, mocking melody.

"Oh! how I hate you, Una Howard!"

Then Una took offense, packed her trunk, and went home; and on the fourteenth of July there came a letter merely saying Una had been married from home to Rodney.

"Oh, it's delightful, isn't it? I do so dote on the rural beauties of nature, especially

when—when—when there's works of art about."

Celia Leffington had essayed to overpower her landlady by her flowing style of rhapsody, but she "came down like a stick" to her own charian.

It was at Newport, where Celia had set her heart on coming for its possible mending after that affair with her "author;" a pleasant room near a splendid villa afforded her the opportunity of indulging in her overflowing admiration.

It was an immense building, with bay-windows and balconies, French awnings and cupolas; a vast lawn and gardens surrounded it; the owner was very handsome, the landlady said, of course very wealthy, and—how Celia's heart began its mending process—a "bachelor."

"He's uncommon fond o' books, I should say, as I see him every afternoon, toward sundown, sitting in that arbor yonder, reading. That's him!"

Celia's enchanted eyes took in the fine figure of this very desirable gentleman. She saw, with rapidly-beating heart that he was as handsome as she pictured her ideal in her vaguest dreams; he was young, too, and looked positively literary as he walked along slowly, as if he enjoyed every step he took.

Oh, if she might but become acquainted with this gentleman; who knew but what he might "take a fancy" to her? wouldn't it be grand, glorious to be the mistress of this palatial mansion? wouldn't she pay Una Howard—Una Exeter, for her arrogant impudence? wouldn't she show Una's husband—to whom, doubtless, Una had told her foolish secret—that there were men who could appreciate her?

And on the wings of this suddenly-created Pegasus, Celia Leffington flew to the very steps of the altar in trailing white tulle and cobweb lace veil, leaning on this strange gentleman's arm.

How she managed, I can not say. Whether the porter's gate was open, and she walked through unmolested, whether she bribed his wife, or climbed over the low, rustic fence I can not say; I only know she did get in the grounds, and that, too, just in time to run, very innocently and guilelessly, against the gentleman as he turned a curve in the promenade.

He raised his hand courteously, with just a faint show of surprise and displeasure.

"I beg your pardon, madam—"

"—oiselle!—I am single," Celia added, with a sweet smile and a simper.

A comical expression lurked in his eyes a second.

"Thanks for the information. This is Miss —?"

He paused inquiringly.

"Miss Celia Leffington, and a kindred spirit, I judge from that book."

He didn't quite understand (does the reader?) but bowed.

"I presume you are a stranger at New-port?"

"I am—and I am not. As time is measured, I have only passed a fortnight in this lovely retreat; but, allow me to say, I feel as though I had known you for ages on ages, so often have I watched you from my window, Mr. —?"

It was a delicate thrust, and the gentleman smiled outright.

"I thank you, Miss Leffington, although I hope never to become so antiquated as that!"

"I understand you, too, indulge in the loneliness of single life, Mr. —?" I hear you are a bachelor."

He drew his brows into a curious frown, but his eyes seemed threatening to explode with laughter.

"Miss Leffington, I am a bachelor, and as such will you permit me to extend the hospitalities of my mansion to you? Accept my arm."

Her heart was bouncing! It was a clear case of love at first sight; then she grew confidential.

"Perhaps you could tell me if you ever knew a man in literary circles by the name of Rodney Exeter? He married a cousin of mine—a childlike little thing; he was an old flame of mine, you know—quite desperately smitten, if I do say so. But he was very boyish, but quite talented."

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me of myself. You don't know how anxious I have been."

"And so I would, darling—but I was by the bedside of one who is near and dear—"

"Another child?" interrupted Marian softly.

"No—not my child; but the child of one now dead, and who ever knew the fondest love I could bestow—my sister's child?"

"Amen!"

"Well, Mr. Crewly?"

"You're going to tell her?"

"Yes."

"All right. Excuse me. I'll listen, too. Attention, Wat Blake."

"I have not always been accustomed to such plain comforts as those which now surround me, Marian," began the woman in black. "I have known every luxury wealth could create—every happiness soul could wish for on this earth. The causes of the change in my life, from joy to misery—for such has been its change—were two things:

the first, a lovely woman; the second, a rare treasure called—The Black Crescent!"

"Ah! a crescent!" exclaimed Marian.

"Yes. You have it on your arm?"

"I have! I have! See!" She bared her arm, and there in precisely the same manner as upon the arm of Eola Forde, was a miniature representation of the Crescent.

"I will explain that, presently. Wait. I was the youngest daughter of Matthew Blake of Richmond—a man of riches, standing and wide influence. I was considered beautiful; reigned as an acknowledged belle in the first circles of society. Not a care

was on my mind; I lived only for the morrow; money, friends—both were at my command. I had a rival. Those who were so fortunate as I, must have. That she was lovely, I can not deny. I often envied her the luster of eyes, that were even brighter than mine; but, with her beauty of face and form, there was combined a nature of opposite mold.

"When in the zenith of my career, a leader of fashion, the cynosure of admiring eyes, there came to our city a man whose graces won, first my esteem, and afterward, my love. But I was not alone in this love.

My rival, whose name was Louise Ternor, also felt a passion for him; and when she discovered my feelings, hers were inflamed to desperation. It then became her task to win him from me. But she failed. Haraden Forde and I were married, secretly; after which we left Richmond.

"I thought myself the happiest of women. But I did not, as I imagined, know the man to whom I had given my hand, my heart, my fortune. He was feeble—he was superstitious.

For a time we lived blissfully together; a little girl was given us. We called it Eola.

"But I am too fast. Forde and I were not married at once. When Louise Ternor found her schemes unavailing, she wedded with a man who proved, subsequently, to be an adventurer. Luckily for her, her money and property were so tied up that he could not squander it. When Eola was born, Louise Ternor had a child, a boy, two years old. Her husband shot himself, at a gaming-table on a Mississippi steamer, shortly after the birth of their child."

"There ensued nearly two more years of unmarr'd happiness. I had not seen, nor heard of, Louise Ternor for a long period, and I began to hope that she had left the country. Alas, for my hopes. With vengeful spirit, and undying hate swelling in her bosom, she was watching me—waiting for an opportunity to make my life miserable.

"A few years had not erased the glorious beauty of her face, nor taken from the captivating symmetry of her form. Her lips were still a tempting fount of sweets, and her voice was even richer in its music.

Without my knowledge, she was weaving a devilish web around my husband, charming him from his allegiance, until I could not help perceiving that he had altered toward me. I saw that his love was not the same, and asked a reason for it. He was silent. I had to be resigned; but the very air I breathed whispered some pending crisis.

My nights were sleepless. He talked in his slumber, but his utterances were unintelligible.

"The first blow came. He had specu-

lated in slaves, and lost nearly the whole of his own wealth. Mine followed. It was the fiendish planning of Louise Ternor. She hated both of us. But I knew not, then, that she was anywhere near us.

"My father died about this time, and my brother Walter—always of a roving disposition—disappeared. I afterward ascertained that he had gone to the mines. He and this lawyer—Mr. Crewly—were the only witnesses to my marriage besides the minister. The marriage was against my father's will; but, on his death-bed, he forgave me. And it was then that he handed me The Black Crescent, gleaming with its priceless jewels, and awing in the simple story connected with it. It had been handed down, through generations, to me originally entered our line through an old Irish landlord, who said it was a gift from the 'Fairy Circle,' to a distant relative of his great, great grandfather—and the recipient, a beautiful girl. The magic property was supposed to be a talisman of good luck to whoever held it. The requirements of the possessor were, that his or her children should not fail to have prick'd upon their arms a perfect *fa simile* of it. When I tell you of Austin Burns, the young man by whose bedside I watched last night, I will, also, tell you why it was given to me—for I was the youngest child, and the Crescent must invariably go to the oldest, and, in case of no children, then to the oldest brother or sister, and so on. As you are my child, you have the Crescent on your arm.

"The next blow. I discovered that Louise Ternor was near us, and had for her ally a woman named Bret, who had a son named Gilson Bret. The three were working our ruin. Then, I learned the superstitious nature of my husband. This woman was carrying out the part of a fortuneteller, to serve the aims of Louise Ternor, and my husband, with a blind belief in the 'sayings of the stars,' was obeying any instruction they saw fit to give. He was the more blind, because my former rival, and now deadly enemy, held him in her power through the spell of her wondrous beauty.

"When I made this discovery, I lost no time in striving to undo what had been done. I was not quick enough. Louise Ternor knew of the Black Crescent; knew how great a value I placed upon it; knew that I guarded it jealously, in remembrance of my father. She persuaded him to steal it from me, which, in his mad infatuation, he did. My demand for its return was vain. For months there existed a coldness between us.

"Another blow came, that well-nigh cast me in my grave. He returned home quite

late one evening, and I shall never forget the expression of his face as he stood before me. He had been absent in Richmond the week previous, though what occasioned that visit I could not divine. I learned soon enough. *He ordered me from him.* I was thunderstruck! I could not believe my ears! A storm of words ensued. Explanation he would not give. But my pride was stricken. I could not tolerate this, even from the man to whom I still clung with a fond, forgiving love. I left him. My wounded heart was further crushed when I returned to Richmond and found *the record of my marriage missing!*—the minister who had married us, dead!—and Christopher Crewly, who had witnessed the ceremony—none knew what had become of him!

"A terrible suspicion flashed upon my mind. This suspicion proved a true vision. His motive to deny our marriage! To such end? Oh! Marian, I shudder. But, never mind—listen further?" her eyes dimming with tears at this point in the narrative. "Almost as soon as I arrived in Richmond, you were born to me. You were, then, all I had left. Deserted, friendless, very near a beggar!—the world seemed dark and chill, and not one ray upon the horizon, to promise a coming day. I could not stay long in Richmond. Just enough of my secret marriage had leaked out to render it a subject for scandal, and the merciless rumors that met me everywhere were unbearable."

"I came to Baltimore. Here another blow awaited me. You were stolen from me; you, my precious Ora—all I had left!"

"Ora!" interrupted Marian, seeming to dwell thoughtfully upon the name.

"Yes. Had you christened 'Ora.' You were stolen, and then I did realize the full sense of my utter loneliness. I was beset on every side; arrows of hate were showering upon me wherever I turned; Louise Ferner let not an opportunity pass in which to further satiate her thirst for vengeance. I say vengeance, for I know no better term. It would seem I had done her an irreparable injury in marrying the man she loved.

"What became of you, Ora, at that time, or how they got you, I can not say. You were spirited away when I least expected such a blow at my peace. The odds were terrible against me. They were now aiming at ambush. I could not ferret them out. And Eola, my first child was growing up in ignorance of her mother's wrongs.

"Soon I learnt, with horror—and it was by a note couched in most insulting terms, from Louise Ternor—that my husband was an active party in their war against me. What could I do? The record of my marriage was gone; my inhuman husband had hidden the certificate; all the witnesses were of no avail. I could not well face him with his guilt. But I did not yet despair. I had a brother remaining to me. 'Ah! where was he?' I knew not. But I could search for him! Gathering what little funds were mine, I sought the far West. I will not weary you with recounting my privations and disappointments during that long, anxious, discouraging search.

"News papers were heralding the advent of a civil war. The country was in discord, and many bands of brave men passed me—going to preserve the honor of the nation! Providence assisted me at last.

I saw, and knew the face of him who alone could aid me in my trying struggle; but he could not stay at my side then. His country called him; that first—and me next.

Strong arms and gallant hearts were needed, and his own were pledged. He had amassed a great deal of money, and my immediate wants—not a few, for my funds were exhausted—were relieved.

"I followed him in his proud career. I

have been where cannon thundered, and rifles rattled the death-note for many a noble and unflinching man; where cavalry surged like seas of living steel, and corsairs piled the sod, beneath the hurling fury of opposing hosts. Through this—and always thinking of you, Ora, of Eola—of my wrongs.

"Three years ago, following the advice of my brother, I called on Haraden Forde—my husband. I found him as I had left him: heartless. I offered to forgive if he would, but quell the cruel rumors that spike ill of me in Richmond, and restore my child, Ora. He laughed at my proposition, and said he knew nothing of you; that he had never seen you; and when I asked him for the Crescent, he spurned me, bade me begone. Louise Ferner was still near him; though, in the same infatuation with which she held him to her will, she also kept him from her.

"At the end of the war, brother and I went to Washington. While there, we met an old, stout friend of our family, who said he had seen Christopher Crewly, in Richmond, and that Crewly was looking for us. Filled with conjectures as to why he should desire to see us, and only too glad to find a living witness to my marriage, we immediately went to Richmond. But Crewly had gone to New York, to push his search. I came to Baltimore, and Walter continued to hunt for the lawyer.

"While here, I found that Louise Ternor had crowned her triumphs by a final blow at my husband. She wrote him a letter, and I gained possession of it. In view of this occasion, Ora, I have it in my pocket. Listen to me, Ora!"

"She drew a delicate billet from her pocket—one whose tinted pages were soiled, and whose sweet perfume had, long since, perished.

Ora listened raptly, while she read as follows:

"To HARDEN FORDE, the man I have loved and played with at my pleasure."

"Know that all you have done to injure your wife, was to gratify my hatred! I loved you once as 'only a woman can love'—with all the fiery ardor of a passionate nature. In marrying Bertha Blake, you turned that love into hate. Since the day of your marriage, I have followed, charmed, beguiled you; and my own heart, too, has been won over to you, which you were induced, by me, to sign, while under the influence of an intoxicating drug. It bears date, Dec. 20, 1863. It shall be held over you, to continue your unhappiness; and there will live, always some one to see that the ember I have fanned into flame shall never die out. I bid you adieu, and may you never forget that siren who wrought this, is

LOUISE TERNOR."

"And there is another," continued Bertha Blake, drawing a second epistle from her pocket, which was written by the Fortune-Teller. And she read:

"To HARDEN FORDE, the man I have loved and played with at my pleasure."

"By the time you get this, I will be gone, but you can find me. But a word:

"Never part with the Black Crescent. The moment it leaves your hands for others, you are accursed. A lightning shaft could not be quicker in its course across the heavens; than your downfall before the world. It contains a charm no mortal knows, and you are only safe

while you have it—so say the stars. Again, beware there hangs over you a curse. In Time's unfoldings there may come a youth to win Eola's heart. Her heart will be his and who would wed. This youth will be your own child. The two children wedded, flesh of one flesh, blood of one blood, life of one life—say the stars. Then will earth cease to hold you; the fires of perdition will not receive you; Heaven will bar its gates to you; the grave will harbor naught but unrest to the despairing soul. Beware!" MADAME FERNANDEZ."

"This, undoubtedly," resumed Bertha Blake, "was also written by Louise Ternor. You would ask her object? Her child, who was under the care of Gilson Bret, was now growing up. She was determined that her son should marry Eola, to continue the vest of her hatred. This I got from her own lips, on her death-bed. And the sayings of the stars, were to bring about the desired end. Before Louise Ternor died—I forgave her—all she had done.

"During the absence of my brother Walter, I discovered your whereabouts, dear Ora, and you must know, full well, that I have not lost sight of you since, though I came very near doing so, it seems. In watching you, my child, I was also watching Bret and Haxon, the latter the son of my discarded enemy. I ascertained that they, in connection with a gang of thieves, had planned to rob the Captain's safe, on the ferry. But I was not circumspect. They found me out, and I was seized by them, carried to a bateau at Locust Point, where they attempted to drown me.

"I owe my salvation to an old, white-haired negro, who was there, fishing by moonlight. He was near, in a skiff, and saw everything that passed. But for the lateness of the hour, and the deserted surrounding, he would have called for help; and besides, he feared for himself. My would-be murderers hurried back to shore immediately upon casting me into the water—never doubting that I would drown; for I was bound and gagged!

"Providence was still with me. I rose to the surface twice. At my second appearance, a stout man grasped me, and a kind voice spoke to me. When I recovered, I rewarded my preserver to the best of my ability, and I have never seen him since. Walter returned very soon afterward, and he had succeeded in finding Mr. Crewly. The lawyer had been bribed to steal the record; and his villainous employer subsequently attempted to poison him."

"Fact, that is!" inserted Crewly, with a pucker of his lips and an emphatic nod, while his eyebrows twisted together like tiny snakes.

"He still had the record—has it now?"

"You see?" interrupted the lawyer, deeming a word on his part very necessary at that juncture; "Forde first paid me to steal the will; then he sent me to Bristol, England, on business—which wasn't any business, but a goose-chase; and it turned out that he'd bribed a scamp—an ugly rascal, by the way! ahem!—to poison me during the trip. See? But the fellow-dog—wasn't read up in the art, and he gave me too much. Consequence? here—I am!"

"It would seem," said Bertha Blake, addressing Ora, "that the clouds are, at last, going to clear away. And with you by me, my dear child, I know there is much happiness in store. I can not speak of Eola; I fear she would not recognize me—her own mother."

"Oh! yes, mother," exclaimed Ora. "I am promoted to first mate's berth a long time since. We have been very successful; yes, I have found a good man, and he has found something, while at sea in the old sea-coast. Father gave me. If it is true, we are rich. I heard of his death on our arrival here. God rest his soul. I send this by one of our crew. I'll be up in the nine o'clock train. God bless you."

"Nine o'clock. 'Tis past the hour. Ha!" and Lorin paused, as another rap, at that instant, sounded on the panel.

Bessie Raynor's heart leaped to her throat, and a wild, yearning look came to her eyes, but she did not move.

A moment passed, and a loud shout of welcome sounded below. In an instant, flying feet sounded on the staircase; then the door to Bessie's room was flung open.

"Ralph!"

"Bessie!" and the long-panted brother and sister were locked in each other's arms.

Still, Ross, the cripple, whom, in the great excitement of this eventful day, everybody seemed to have forgotten, was not there.

We draw the scene on this family reunion—a reunion under such circumstances. An hour later, Bessie, her sailor brother and Lorin Gray, the hero, stood, silently, in the little front room below, in which, months before, had reposed in death the body of old Silas Raynor.

A silence, like unto the grave, pervaded the little group, as Ralph Raynor, opening

an old, storm-stained sea chest, which had just been delivered by the expressman;

drew it from an ancient, threadbare peacock-jacket. With trembling fingers, he opened the lining of the old garment, and drew out some faded documents.

"I found them here, in mid-ocean," he said, in a whisper almost solemn, "and my brain reeled. Look over them, Bessie, and tell me if they agree with what our dead father said to you?"

The girl took them, glanced over them, and, as her brain reeled, she uttered, in a voice just audible:

"These are the papers, Ralph. God has sent them!"

A half hour passed in silence. In that time a letter had been handed to Lorin Gray, by a messenger, who said a crippled boy had begged him to deliver it. Lorin, looking on the envelope, saw his name in ink, and the following in pencil:

"DEAR BESSIE: Send this to Lorin to-day or to-night—whenever you get it."

When Lorin read the missive, he had fallen, in a swoon, to the floor.

Lorin Gray suddenly bestirred himself.

"Come, Ralph—time wanes," he said.

"We must be gone. I have my paper, and yours. Let's be gone. Justice, at all hazards, must be done."

They wasted no words. Wrapping themselves in their overcoats, the young men, bidding Bessie be of good cheer, left the house.

Still Ross, the cripple had not returned.

Arthur Ames' house was lit up in brilliant illumination, from top to bottom.

We will enter.

The spacious parlors were packed with a gay and splendid company. That company was now hushed and silent.

Before the clergyman stood Minerva Ames and Malcolm Arlington. The groom had already given in his responses, and Minerva was about answering, when a slight confusion near the door attracted the attention of all. A moment, and Lorin and Ralph made their way through the crowd.

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was found imbedded in the mud, on the banks of the river, far below the city.

Bessie Raynor knew that skeleton, and then, as she remembered an old-time tale of a vision, she wept. She thought her brother had committed suicide.

Minerva Ames soon disappeared from Lawrence. A year after her disappearance, she was seen by Bessie and Lorin (as we prefer to call him) on their bridal tour, as the principal of a religious seminary, near the Kaatskill.

She recognized them, smiled pleasantly, and then, as a tear fell from her eyes, she hurried away. But, before she went, she had whispered:

"God bless you!"

She was happy; a new life was opened before her, and she was joyous in a hope that reaches beyond the grave.

Our tale is told.

THE END.

The Ocean Girl : THE BOY BUCCANEER.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST,
AUTHOR OF "CRUISE CRUISE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.
DARK CLOUDS.

NEXT day, on the requisition of the British Admiral and Consul, the port, bay and offing, were searched; but not a trace of the Ocean Girl was discovered. Doubtless the audacious pirate had run into some creek, and landed his men, who by means of a small boat had reached Rio Janeiro, and made the atrocious attempt upon Edward.

He, however, was far from believing that Captain Gantling had authorized the attack upon him. There was something in the man's manner toward himself personally, which forbade this hypothesis from obtaining credit with him, while of the intense personal hatred of Grumm he was well aware.

As the storm had blown over during the night, both the Indianaman and the cruisers were ready, the former to pursue its journey, the latter to search the whole coast.

To remain together was useless. A rendezvous was therefore fixed at the cafe, when all could report progress.

Edward would gladly have volunteered with one of the cruisers, but the wishes of Sir Stephen and Loo prevailed; and he agreed to defer formally entering the service until they had reached their destination.

They parted then, all in high spirits, and hopeful of the capture of the pirate which could not be expected to escape their joint activity.

We may here remark that the Indianaman, though to all appearance a first-class ship, and fitted out as a man-of-war for the occasion, was, what with passengers and soldiers, more like a slave ship than anything else, being laden with all sorts of careening gear, military and other stores, and what is more, crowded with bale goods, and encumbered with merchandise.

A ship of this quality and condition could not be expected to work with that readiness and ease, which were necessary for her security and preservation in those heavy seas which she had to encounter.

After separating from the cruisers, they ran down the coast, until they had nearly gained the southernmost mouth of Straits La Maire, when, by a sudden shifting of the wind to the southward, and the turn of the tide, they were very near being wrecked upon a rock-bound coast, to which they had approached too near.

For a moment all was wild confusion, and then discipline obtained the upper hand and by the exercise of those maneuvers which display human ingenuity and energy in the highest degree, the vessel was hauled off the shore, and was proceeding on its voyage, when, by a great roll of a hollow sea, they carried away their mizzenmast, all the chain plates of which were all broken, and the ship in all parts in a most crazy condition.

All began to regard their position as serious, the Admiral most of all, though he said nothing to discourage the brave men about him, or to unnecessarily alarm the women. But when, thus shattered and disabled, they had the additional mortification of finding themselves on a lee shore, from the weather being unfavorable for observation, he called a council.

There was but one opinion, and that was to sail to the eastward on the track of outward and homeward bound ships, when they might meet with succor or aid; or to enter some port, and rest and lighten the ship. The latter counsel would have prevailed if they had known anything of their whereabouts. They were aware of their proximity to land, from such tokens as weeds and birds; but what land?

An occasional glimpse of what appeared high mountains, however, settled the matter, and showed the nearness of the danger. But it was too late to avoid it, for at the same moment the straps of the fore-yard, breaking the fore-yard came down and the greater part of the men being disabled through fatigue and sickness, it was some time before it could be got up again.

But now the land was clearly visible, the ship driving bodily onto it. Every effort was now made to sway the fore-yard up, and set the foresail, which done, they wore the ship with her head to the southward, and endeavored to crowd her off from the land; but the weather, from being very tempestuous before, now blew a perfect hurricane, and right in upon the shore, which appeared to render all their efforts fruitless.

And now the night came on, dreadful beyond all description; and when attempting to throw out their topsails to claw off the shore, they were at once blown from their yards.

All this time everybody remained up and dressed. The Admiral and the officers were busy aiding and advising the men, so that Loo remained wholly in the hands of Edward.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NOVEL EMETIC.

She clung to him with feverish energy, saying nothing, however, but cowering under the bulwarks, where he had taken her for shelter. The night was fearful, horribly dark, and it was almost impossible to discover any thing beyond the ship.

At last, at four in the morning, the ship seemed to strike. Still, though the shock was great, very great indeed—being not unlike the blow of a heavy sea, such as during several preceding days they had often experienced, it was taken for the same; but the whole of the passengers and crew were speedily undeceived by her striking again more violently than before, which laid her on her beam-ends, the sea making a fair breach over her.

It required no warning voice to bring every one upon the quarter-deck; indeed, many appeared, who had not shown their faces upon deck for more than two months; one or two unfortunate, who were ill with scurvy, and could not crawl from their hammocks, were instantly drowned.

Edward clung to a belaying-pin with one hand, while with the other he clutched Loo. He had little hope, for the vessel lay in the same dreadful position for some minutes, all on board believing it to be their last moment; no glimpse of any thing could be caught but of breakers all around. Next minute, however, a mountainous sea howled off, though she soon struck again and broke her tiller.

This was a disaster apparently so fatal, that many seemed inclined to give up all hope, and at the sight of the foaming breakers around, felt inclined to cast themselves over in utter despair.

The Admiral sternly addressed them, asking if they had never seen breakers before, nor heard of men escaping from the most fearful dangers. He then ordered them to seize the sheets and braces, and thus command the ship.

As he spoke, the Indianaman ran in between an opening of the breakers, steering by the sheets and braces, when, by great good fortune, they stuck fast between two great rocks; that to windward sheltering them from the violence of the sea to a certain extent.

They immediately cut away the main and fore-masts, but still the ship kept heeling in such a manner that few imagined she could hold together for many minutes.

The captain could not acquiesce in their wishes, it being impossible to send off the boat in such a sea. The drunken and silly fools then fired one of the quarter guns at the hut, the ball of which passed just over the covering of it.

Another attempt was made to bring the madmen to land, which, however, from the violence of the sea, and other impediments occasioned by the mast that lay alongside, proved ineffectual.

Upon this delay occurring, the people on board became outrageous, and began to beat every thing to pieces that fell in their way. At last, so great was their intemperate excess, that they broke open chests and cabins for plunder that could be of no use to them. So far in earnest were they in this mere wantonness of theft, that when they were brought off, it was found that one man had evidently been murdered on account of some quarrel over the division of the day's wages.

Edward stood by Loo until she had been lifted into the boat, when he went down to his chest, which was at the bulkhead of the ward-room, in order to save some little matters, if possible. But while he was there the ship bumped with some violence, and the water came in so fast, that he was again forced to get upon the quarter-deck, without saying a single rag, but what was upon his back.

The boatswain and some of the people would not leave the ship as long as any liquor was to be got at; upon seeing which, Sir Stephen and Loo prevailed, with the rest of the officers, went ashore, without more ado.

When a shipwreck occurs, the first thing that is thought of is getting to land; it is the natural and highest wish to be attained, but in the present instance the change was very little for the better.

On every side a scene of horror—on one side the wreck (on which was all they had in the world to support themselves); together with a boisterous sea, presented the most dreary prospect; on the other hand, the land scarcely presented a more favorable appearance. It was desolate and barren, without a sign of culture, so that they could hope to receive little other benefit from it than the preservation it afforded them from the sea.

Of course all who were possessed of mainly feeling, confessed it was a great and merciful deliverance from immediate destruction; but where they were, all wet and cold and hungry, the elements to struggle with, and no visible remedy against any of these evils.

Edward, as soon as he saw the head of land they had chanced on, though faint, benumbed, and almost helpless, exerted himself to find some covert, however wretched, against the extreme inclemency of the weather. He was fortunate enough to find an Indian hut not far from the beach, within a wood, and here all the ladies, without distinction, crouched for that night, which was most tempestuous and rainy.

None of those who were saved from the wreck ever remembered such another night.

Even if the weather had not excluded all idea of rest and refreshment, other ideas would have interfered, as they were not without alarm and apprehensions of being attacked by the Indians, for they had made a discovery of lances and arms in another hut.

In this miserable hole, where he had been admitted that night because of his illness, died a lieutenant; and of those who went for shelter under a great tree, which stood them in very little stead, two more perished by the severity of that cold and rainy night.

In the morning, the calls of hunger, which had been hitherto suppressed by their attention to more immediate dangers and difficulties, became too important to be resisted. Most of them had fasted eight-and-a-half hours—some more. It was time therefore, to make inquiry as to what sort of sustenance had been brought from the wreck by the providence of some, and what could be procured on the island by the industry of others.

The whole amount of food saved from the ship was three pounds of biscuit dust, served in a bag.

Several, however, ventured abroad, the weather being exceedingly bad; but they killed only one sea-gull, and picked some wild celery.

The whole of this was put into a pot with the addition of a large quantity of

water, and made into a kind of soup, which was then divided among them all as far as it would go. But no sooner had they partaken of it, than they were all seized with the most painful sickness, violent retchings, swoonings, and other symptoms of being poisoned.

This misfortune was imputed to various causes, but chiefly to the herbs they had made use of; in the nature and quality of which, they fancied themselves mistaken. A little further inquiry, however, made them aware of the real occasion of it.

The biscuits dust was nothing but the sweepings of the bread room; and the bag in which it had been put had been a tobacco bag—the contents of which not having been entirely taken out, what remained was entirely emetic.

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The biscuits dust was nothing but

THE HIDDEN SORROW.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Maiden, I heard thee breathing a sigh:
What saddens thy heart and clouds thine eye?
Lo, the dancers go in a merry round!
And music and laughter and mirth abound,
And yet your eyes do not follow the waltz.
Oh, tell me, has some one proven false?

Not that, not that, my friend.

The time is hardly an hour away
When I marked thee merry among the gay.
The girls seemed on the dance floor.
With flashes from thy lips, and light from thine
eyes:

Oh, say, has your happy heart been stirred
By an unkind look or a cruel word?

Not that, not that, my friend.

Has your mind forsaken this festal time,
And backward flown to thy childhood's clime?
And there amid those sacred bowers
Dost thou see thy friends?—the hours
With memories come of the old delight?

Is it this that makes thee weary to-night?

Not that, not that, my friend.

Does thy heart recall a fare laid low
Under the sod where dances blow,

Or a cold, cold hand that was once thy own,
And warmed in friendship for thee alone,
And here while this mirth those memories

wings:

It is for this you turn from the throngs?
Not that, not that, my friend.

Dost thou sigh because the present flies?
Do thy eyes upon the sunsets skies?

If some one has bid adieu to thee, 'till long,
If some one has trod on thy foot, 'till kick him:

The cause of thy woe let thy lips express,

And my strong right arm shall thy wrong redress.

And she turned a look on me ill at ease,

And sadly answered, "These pesky fees!"

Not that, not that, my friend.

Alaska, the Cheyenne.
A STORY OF COLORADO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"If the White Bird of the pale-faces will become the wife of Alaska, he will take her to his lodge, and she shall become the queen of the mighty Cheyenne nation. Alaska has long smiled upon the white man's flower. He once saved it from death.

"Yes, Alaska, the bravest representative of the Cheyenne tribe, saved my life; he wrested me from the icy stream; but, what he asks can not be."

The Indian—a perfect red Apollo—rose to his feet, and looked down upon the beautiful girl in silence.

"I will ever remember you with gratitude and kindness," she continued, gazing into his face, as calm as a summer morn. "I owe you a life—yes a life, Alaska; but, long ere you tore me from the whirlpool, I had promised my hand to another."

"A pale-face?"

"Yes."

"Then may the White Bird be happy with her pale mate," said the Cheyenne, and, turning meditatively on his heel, he strode from the arbor.

He had spoken falsely regarding his feelings. He hated, with all the bitterness of an Indian's hate, the lovely creature who had refused to alimate herself from kindred and a luxurious home, and betake herself to the wilderness as his slave.

He had been a privileged visitor at Judge Gathright's house since he rescued Florence from a watery grave; and, but few of Denver's citizens suspected that he, the red nomad of the woods, was bold enough to claim Florence's hand, as a reward for his praiseworthy action.

For several weeks after the Indian's avowal of love, he was a stranger to Denver. The Gathrights thought that he had forsaken civilization, and returned to the wild life his people love so well.

But one evening he suddenly made his appearance on the streets of Denver City.

He sauntered around with idle air, managing to direct his peregrinations toward Florence Gathright's home.

A strange fire danced in his black eyes, and proclaimed his errand freighted with mischief.

As he neared the house he beheld Florence conversing with Victor Galbraith, her accepted lover, at the gate. He at once quickened his steps, and suddenly paused before the pair.

"Alaska!" cried Florence. "Why, boy, we thought that you had ceased to visit us."

"Alaska is as restless as the hyena," was the reply. "He came to tell the White Bird that if she still refuses to become his wife, by the Great Spirit of my people! she shall never—"

The thundering sentence was broken by Victor Galbraith's clenched hand, and the Indian went to the ground like a stricken bullock.

"I will teach you how to threaten a woman!" cried the young man, dashing a look of scorn at the fallen chief. "Now get up, and give me an opportunity to repeat the operation just performed."

The red-skin scrambled to his feet, and Victor sprang forward to deal a second blow.

"Don't, Victor, don't!" cried Florence, clutching his arm. "He does not mean what he says; and, besides, you owe him a great deal, for he saved my life."

The lover did not resist the look that accompanied Florence's entreaty, and reluctantly lowered his arm.

The savage did not evince any gratitude for the young girl's protection; but moved away in a sullen mood, muttering something to himself.

And those murmurs were freighted with reverent thoughts.

"The white man will never strike Alaska again. That blow will rankle in the Cheyenne's heart until he has had revenge. Alaska will rob him little by little, and at last force him to look upon the White Bird as Alaska's slave." Then the red chief will give him up to the torture."

As the days waned, the Cheyenne was a frequent visitor to the Western city. He mingled freely with the miners, and more than once sauntered into Victor Galbraith's law office, and conversed with the young man for hours. His manner completely deceived the disciple of Blackstone. He thought that Alaska had buried the hatchet, and forgotten the chastisement he had received at his hands.

But not so. While the Indian smoked Victor's choice brands, he was planning the revenge he afterward attempted to carry out.

The lawyer was the possessor of the finest span of horses in the city. They were importations, fiery, and as black as the raven wings of midnight.

Frequently he drove them through the city with Florence Gathright at his side, and many a person envied him their ownership.

He loved his noble beasts, and through

the dumb brutes his bitter enemy resolved to strike him.

One gloomy night the form of an Indian glided down a Stygian valley, and paused before the stable wherein Victor Galbraith's horses stood.

A bright blade of steel flashed in the light of the few stars that appeared beyond rifts among the clouds, and something very like a lantern dangled at his side.

Once within the structure he lit the tall-wick dip in the lantern, and the light revealed the features of Alaska, the Cheyenne. A flush of anticipated triumph illumined them, and with stealthy tread he moved toward the beasts.

"This is the beginning of Alaska's revenge," he muttered. "Before the hated pale-face recovers from the loss of his horses Alaska will steal the White Bird from his side, and make her the Cheyenne's squaw and slave."

He paused before one of the steeds, and raised the keen-edged scalping-knife.

The poor animal stood motionless at the manger, unsuspecting of its coming doom.

Slowly the knife was elevated, and suddenly and swiftly it descended into the steed's throat. Alaska crouched beneath the manger to avoid the falling brute, whose life-blood gushed from severed jugular.

"One dies!" he cried, springing to his feet. "Now for the other. When the white man comes forth in the morning, what sorrow will tear his heart-strings!"

The red-handed chief, afame with the terrible passion of revenge, now glided to the second horse, which, roused by the smell of blood, pawed furiously in his stall.

The Indian gently stroked him to curb his anger, and felt the edge of his knife ere he raised it aloft.

"Thus perishes the pale-face's pride!" he hissed, as the weapon paused above his head.

But at that moment the black steed espied him. Quick as lightning the halter strap was snapped in twain, and the beast turned upon his would-be destroyer.

He reared aloft with a loud whinny, and his iron-shod hoofs dashed Alaska to the floor. The Indian tried to rise; but his efforts proved vain, for the maddened horse continually hewed him down.

He shrieked; but not an ear heard his cries, for the storm that now raged without effectually drowned them.

And when Victor Galbraith entered the stable on the following morning, he found

the dumb brute lying dead in the straw.

"A pale-face?"

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heard a gate open, an' then a door, an' then another 'un—an' arter that we went along a place whid hed a stone floor. Then a door opened ag'in, an' I wur shoved in, then door slapped to, an' all was silent.

"Well, now, that war rough. My hands war tied so tight that ther raw hide war farly cuttin' into ther hide; 'sides which ther cussed blanket—all over greasy,

an' full uv creepin' creatures—war a'most smotherin' the life outen me. Howsumever, by turnin' sum summersets, bumpin' myself ag'in' ther wall, an' standin' onto my head, I managed ter git rid ov it, an' then I felt like goin' ter work an' gittin' clair uv therer place, wherever it war.

"But, work es I would—an' I tell you I didn't lay back an' rest much—I them dodged rawhide strings wouldn't give no how.

"Leave a Mexiken greaser alone for tyin' a knot so's to stay."

"The work kep' me bizzyl till mornin' up an' then a yaller-belly ken in w'l a lot uv tortillas an' a gourd uv water, an' set 'em down, makin' a motion es how I wur to help myself. I wanted to know how I war a'most goin' to do that, wi' my hands roped behind me; but ther imp onn grinnin' an' hunched up his durmed shoulders, an' started to leave.

"'Hoold, you ole hoss,' sez I, scrapin' up all ther lingo I known. 'Kin ye tell me what you are?'

"The greasy cuss grinnin' wuss'n ever, an' all he sed war to draw his finger cross his throat, an' croak like a big bull-frog."

"'He axed me ef I understood that,' he told me I jess did, only too durned clar-ly."

"He larfed ag'in, an' went out, slappin' ther door behind him an' lockin' it on the outside."

"I war hungry, monstrous hungry, boyes, an' war plenty uv grub afore my eyes, but how the devil war I to eat it?"

"The greaser hed laid it onto the floor, an' while I war lookin' at it, I suddenly seen a ole gray-nosed rat peek out his hole; an' by-em-bye, ken creepin' across to whar the cakes lay.

"The old feller looked so hungry, an' his eyes war a-beggin' so hard, that I sw'ar I keda'nt make up my mind to skeer him away; so I took and kicked one uv ther cakes over to whar he was squatlin', an' then lay down on my belly an' eat ther balance hog-fashion."

"The ole rat hed laid it onto the floor, an' while I war lookin' at it, I suddenly seen a ole gray-nosed good-by, and stepped out, pulled to ther door, an' locked it fast."

"In five minits I war outen ther cussed place, an' may I never burn buffer ag'in, ef I war more'n a quarter uv a mile outen ther town."

"Yer see, ther impes hed trotted me aroun' an' aroun', so's to make b'leave it war a good ways."

"Well, it warn't long afore I found ther boyes an' afore daybreak I war back at the ole ranch ag'in."

"What deuce war yur back thar fur, Rube?" asked some one, in astonishment.

"For t'ee see my ole friend, ther rat, an' while huntin' fur him I war bound ter rub out a half a dozen two-legged creeters that would kept getten' in ther way."

cheat me outen my last night's sleep, no-how.

"I reckon I must a' dropped off right away, but kedin' a' sleep long when some'kin' cold rubbin' ag'in' my hands woked me up."

"I was about to jerk 'em away, when I felt somethin' harry brash ag'in' em, an' then ther cold feelin' ag'in' w'l a kind-uv pullin' at ther raw hide."

"It must a' been a inspeeration, es they calls it, but I knew'd in a seekind what it war."

"Ther ole gray rat war behind thar, an' he war gnawin' ther ropes."

"Lordy! how my heart did thump ag'in' my ribs es I lay stiller'n a beaver on watch, an' give the ole feller a good chance."

"I heard his sharp teeth cuttin' an' crackin' m'ong' ther tough hide, an' by-em-b